A PHARISEE OF THE FAIR GREEN. WRITTEN FOR THE EVENING STAR BY RUTH EDWARDS.

the game. What a disheartening exhibition got it at last. That's a hundred yards."

of topped balls and pulls and slices her last! Then an unexpected thing happened. The lesson had been, But a girl with a face like | daughter of a hundred De Peysters clasped

brought to the judging of other mortals. waltzed delightedly on the wet teeing She might break his mashies and treat him ground.

gray stars under a midnight of lashes. Be-sides, she wasn't altogether like the other society belies who took to golf as they did me," she said, and offered him her blistered

The headquarters of the Mountainside Golf Club stood facing the rain-washed hills, with the red and yellow and brown foliage of autumn softened behind a veil of mist. From the low steps of the club line and went at it seminates the but she bit her Golf Club stood facing the rain-washed hills, with the red and yellow and brown foliage of autumn softened behind a veil of mist. From the low steps of the club house the fair green stretched like emerald

John Dayoud, keeper of the aforesaid club house, instructor in the royal game of golf, winner of many matches, was a strongshouldered, broad-chested young fellow. In knickerbockers and a gray sweater, he stood on the veranda, a disabled lofting meshie in one brown hand, looking across the wet links with appreciative eyes. He loved his environment with an unintrospect-

A bedraggled caddy came from around the corner of the house.

"Don't believe there'll be anything doing this morning, Tommy," said Davoud kindly. "Too rainy?" The high-born damsels who hung meekly on Davoud's admonitions as to ninulate a putter were not accustomed to venture forth when the green was a sponge and the hales were brimming with water. "Ain't the lady what was here yester-day a-comin'?" inquired the caddy. "She said she was, sure."
Yes, Davoud admitted, she had said so.

He even admitted more to his secret heart. She was proud as Lucifer and a duffer at

that was subject to none of the standards

like dirt in the boxes, if she pleased. Da-voud only remembered that her eyes were

gray stars under a midnight of lashes. Be-sides, she wasn't altogether like the other

to pompadours-because it was the correct

thing. There was pluck under her pride. Dayoud knew that the blg, bleeding blister

between her thumb and forefinger must have smarted. She had at least one of the

The terminus of the trolley line from the city was a block below, leaving the traveler

to plod through a wilderness of wet clay.

As the car whizzed to the track limits, a

girl in a dark blue raincoat and Tam O'Shanter cap stood in the door. Davoud

recognized the lithe straightness of the

slender figure. He became nervously in-

"You'd better stay, Tommy," he said. She came up the steps in the gray rain

smiling the well-bred smile which had in it

such a maddeningly impersonal sweetness.

wet for a lesson today? I am determined

Davoud endeavored to keep the admira-

tion out of his clear hazel eyes.
"I am at your service, Miss De Peyster."

Picking up a driver and some irons, and

cramming a few balls into his pocket, he

followed her to the teeing ground, sta-tioning the caddy down the slope by the

gold braid and brass buttons, gives the wearer a smart military appearance, but

it is not the best costume in the world for golf. Davoud eyed it with a mixture of

personal admiration and professional dis-

in that coat," he ventured, respectfully. "If you'll let me take it back to the club house

'll bring you one of my sweaters instead."

His fair pupil hesitated, evidently impressed with the wisdom of his remark. Then, "Thank you, no," she said with a

Davoud understood. Such favors could only be accepted from one's equals.

A wild desire to conquer that ingrain

pride of hers came upon him. He under-

stood her attitude well enough. He had not worked among her cult three years with-

out learning that if you were in their set, all right, you were worthy of consideration,

otherwise, as a man, you simply didn't exist. Davoud was something of a philosopher and had hitherto gone on his clean and healthy way, much in the open air, with a

happy-hearted consciousness from the trammeling influence of all such nonsense.

He frowned slightly as he handed her the driver. "Try your swing," he said

"Aren't you going to give me a ball?" asked Miss De Peyster.

"No use till you know the swing better," returned Davoud unsmilingly. Here was the kingdom in which he was the unques-

Antoinette De Peyster took the driver

meekly. Up to this time her instructor had borne with her angular slashes with a long-

suffering patience. He was different today.

Her first practice swing was a beautiful exposition of all the glaring faults pos-

Davoud refrained from comment. "Try

Swing number two resulted in a mixup

"No good!" remarked Davoud with un-

of coat and driver disastrous in the ex-

feeling brevity. "Here, caddy," he called to the boy. "You can go up to the house. We won't be using any balls this morning."

A burning flush leaped to the girl's cheeks, "Stay where you are, caddy," she called. "We will be using balls this morning."
She tore off the hampering coat and stood

in the rain in a cheviot shirt-waist. With the same fierce determination, she took out her sleeve links and rolled up her sleeves.

"There!" she said, as she took up her

Davoud's hazel eyes were tell-tale. He

had a weak desire to renew his offer of a sweater. But he shut his lips. One snub

said encouragingly. "Don't hurry. Get your shoulders into it and follow your

bent to her task. Swing after swing, some pense?"

bad, some indifferent, some good. An hour passed. Her back was aching; her thin shirt waist was wet through and clung to her slender shoulders; the rain ran off her car?

stroke through. Steady, now!"

he said.

I'm afraid you won't be able to do much

"Good morning, Mr. Davoud, Is it too

terested in the dilapidated mashie

to conquer that swing."

narrow brook.

sweet finality.

requisites for becoming a golfer-sand.

lips and went at it again.
Suddenly a smoothness and ease seemed to descend upon her like a benediction

"It's coming!" said Davoud, a trifle breathlessly. "Try again!"
Again she swung, and again. Davoud's hand went into his pocket. "Now try your ball!" he said Her eyes fastened upon the little white,

Her eyes fastened upon the little white, hard rubber sphere.
"Take your swing. Don't think anything about hitting the ball. Just sweep it off," advised Davoud, excitedly.

Back went her club, down it came with the prolonged whizz so dear to the goifer's heart, away sailed the little sphere, straight as an arrow, down the velvety slope, hitting the ground and running swift and straight into the brook.

into the brook.
"Good work!" said Davoud. "Try another. Lift it more. Try to hit it from under."

There were no tears in her eyes now. She There were no tears in her eyes now. She forgot the ache of her back, the smart of her blisters. Coolly and quietly she addressed the ball. She was hardly conscious of the contact between it and her driver, but away spend the little white globe, clear-ing the brook, clearing the bunker on the other side, and dropped, a little, indistinct object in the blur or raindrops, on the green

her driver to her bosom for a partner and

"Hurrah!" she cried. "Didn't I tell you I

would?" she said, stopping in her dance and

The swing having been mastered, every-

thing else in golf is comparatively plain sailing. Through the golden autumn days, Davoud watched the gray-eyed Antoinette come steadily out of her dufferdom. By the

time red balls became a necessity, she had won a reputation among the women mem-

bers of the club as the coming champion. Dayoud alone knew of something else she

had won, a trophy of no interest to her, merely the honest heart of a man not born

to the purple.

He noted with a thrill of pleasure the look

of strength which was added to her beauty. Her skin was tanned and ruddy with wind

and sun. Her gray eyes were clear, with the clearness which comes from fresh air and exercise. With the physical strength

and vigor there came also a certain men-tal self-poise. She was less haughty, more natural. The crisp mornings and cold dusks

on the links, when the red bonfires crackled among the trees, had brought her very close

to nature. Her manner to Davoud was not

so impersonally well-bred. She loved his environment as he loved it, and she felt

She contrasted him with the men she met

parison. There was a charm about this big.

calm fellow going his solitary way among the dapper youths who stole away from bank and office to "play round" with her.

It was the morning of the January dance. The links lay fair and white in a sparkle

of snow, the red flags fluttering gavly along

could see two figures, accompanied by the

inevitable caddy, tramping through the snow. He watched them take the drive

course, Miss De Peyster and one of her ad-

mirers. Only one woman swung her club with that dash and go. Well, that needn't interfere with his going forth to practice

He met them toiling up the steep incline. The girl's face was a flame of color from

the frosty air. Her eyes under their dark fringes sparkled almost blue in their clear-

fringes sparkled almost blue in their clear-ness. In her white sweater and tam o'shan-ter she seemed the very essence of the snowy, brilliant morning. Her companion, a somewhat narrow-chester youth with an aristocratic nose and a short upper lip, was a stranger. "Imported for the dance," Davoud thought.

"Fore!" she shouted a graceful, buoyant figure outlined against the sky. Then, "Oh, how stupid! The caddy has given me the

wrong driver. I can't use this warped

match that was coming off the

ers who dared the snow drifts were.

next afternoon.

"Oh, no," she answered, coming a step nearer; "and besides," taking down an old sweater from its nail, "you can lend me one of these."

She stood before him, not shyly, but like some friendly queen about to bestow great eifts. Davoud faced her with clenched hands.
Then his heart leaped to his lips.
"You should never have come in here like this if you didn't want me to tell you! You beyond. "That's the kind!" said Davoud. "You've should have stayed out there with the peo-ple that you belong to! You shouldn't be friendly and sweet and dear like this, unless you want me to tell you that I love you, love you, love you with everything there is in me—poor fool that I am!"

He sat down despairingly on the wooden bench among the shavings, his sleek, boy-ish head bowed in his hands.

In an instant the girl in the ball gown was on her knees at his side.
"And suppose I did want you to tell me?" she whispered. "Suppose I have found out that I don't belong to the people out there, if you don't? Suppose I have found out that one may love a man even if he is not a gentleman, but never a gentleman unless he s a man? And suppose I know that you

The man of Miss De Peyster's world miss-

queen.
"I should think you'd have more sense,"
she said wrathfully. "Gan't you see he isn't

to his own world, the world of the shaving-strewn, bare little work shop, where disabled clubs, unpainted balls and golf supplies of all kinds awaited his attention. Dreamy waltzes and gay two-steps floated to him from the ball room. He felt a little lonely. It's one thing to give up the world of fashion, another thing to be shut out. "I'm coming in," said a voice from the doorway.

doorway.

Davoud started. He looked at his rough

Davoud started. He looked at his rough clothes, to which the sawdust clung, then at the girl before him in the shimmering gown, at the crescent of pearls shining in her hair, at the fair uncovered neck.

"I'm afraid you'll find it too cold, Miss De Peyster," he said, calmly, despite his thumping heart.

"Oh no" she answered coming a step.

lips to hers in an exulting kiss. And that is why an inquisitive caddy, prowling through the night to behold the aristocrats at their pleasure, received a shock at seeing the keeper of the links sitting on the wooden bench in the workshop close to a most beautiful princess in a ball gown, an old sweater tied around her neck by its sleeves, in place of the ermine coat that was reposing somewhere in the more conventional regions back of the ball room.

The Energy of Coal.

"Are you aware that in one ton of coal ergy at the present time, but even now the about cost of the most unskilled work done by work done by the best steam engines." These words are from a remarkable address girls. by Prof. John Perry, F. R. S., delivered at Oxford, and arranged jointly by the Ashmolean Natural History Society and the both, because Japan already represents both, because Japan already represents Oxford Mathematical Society. We suspect that such an address was never before unscientific and opposed to science. "It is ture should scorn those things which keep England in her high position, give value to the real estate on which her own revenues depend, and differentiate Oxford from Beyrout. * * * The influence of Oxford on in-tellectual England used to be supreme; it is still enormous; it rests with the young Ox-ford men of the present day to decide whether this influence may or may not be-come a cause lost beyond all chance of find-

ing again."
Prof. Perry is a daring education reformer, as may be gathered of an engineer who deems Plato pretentious and shallow (if Jewett's translation represents the real Plato) and Aristotle-in those things of which the professor has some knowledge-

From Fliegende Blaetter.

The man of Miss De Peyster's world missed the point completely.

"Oh, but I insist," he said, smiling.
Davoud took the proffered note between his strong, bare fingers. "Here, caddy," he called, "here's something for you," and, thrusting the crackling bit of paper into the boy's eager hand, he bowed to Miss De Peyster's astonished escort, went into his workshop and closed the door. Had he left it open he might have had the satisfaction of seeing his mistaken benefactor crushed into fine powder by a gray-eyed snow queen.

she said wrathfully. "Gan't you see he isn't that kind?"

The little incident of the morning, rubbing in so forcibly the undeniable fact that he did not "belong," did not render Davoud's mood genial when the arrival of the dancers found him in his working clothes, putting the finishing touches to the decorations over the hall door. It was not one of Davoud's duties, but the man hired for the occasion had managed to get himself pleasantly jagged at the last moment.

He was standing on a step-ladder, a hammer in one hand, nailing up the last wreath, when Antoinette De Peyster, glowing like a rose, an ermine cape slipping from her bare shoulders, entered with her companion of the morning, immaculate in evening dress. Davoud had never seen her like this before. A crescent of pale pearls glimmered in her dark hair above her starry eyes. He went on hammering with a stolid countenance.

The wreath safely fastened, Davoud shouldered the ladder, and betook himself to his own world, the world of the shaving-strewn, bare little work shop, where disabled cluber unnainted halls and salf.

French, Italians and Spanish will be driven into Africa, there to establish once again 'the granary of Europe'

"Who will do all that pushing and driving, and when?" the speaker was asked. "The Russians, possibly," he answered very seriously, "but more probably the Chinese led by Japan."

"Oh, the yellow peril?" we laughed. 'When is it due?" "It will be no affair for laughter ten years from now; and within twenty-five

years all Europe will be troubled by the dawning thought. Is the new Gengis-Khan already born? Or the new Russian Alexander? Probably not; but the thing is sure. Europe is to be the prey; history must repeat itself; and the hordes of the east must break loose again. At the present hour Russia and Japan are fighting the first round of the preliminary struggle."

"With which side ought European sympathles to be?" asked a solemn German university man on his travels. He paid

reverence to the speaker as a great philos-opher and high priest of thought. He knew that ten years ago the Japanese government had persuaded Herbert Spencer to line out for it his advice as to European policy in such detail that the still secret document, with annotations, makes a book; he was struck by the unusual wisdom of the pushing orientals in consulting, not a politician, but a sage, or pundit; and here prophesying strange things was another such, a French Herbert Spencer. "Ought we to sympathize

with Russia or Japan?"
"When the white bear and the yellow tiger are disputing which shall kill and eat the heifer, with which should the heifer sympathize?" answered the high thinker. "Napoleon said that Europe must become either Cossack or republic," I suggested.

How It Will Come About.

"We are teaching and arming the fabulous hordes of the east," said the philosopher. "Imagine Japan victorious in the present conflict; you can realize the encouragement it would give to China. But imagine Japan defeated. China will be opened more and more to European influence, Japan will tend her wounds, and lit-tle by little, in ten years, in twenty-five years, Europe, under menace of industrial ruin, will have to shut her markets to the products of western industry established in China and Japan. Then the time of the revenge of the east will be near."

"When?"
"To put it far off, say the year 1975 or 2000," said the philosopher, "Peking, with a population of 7,000,000, will be the most colossal city of the world. Why? Because The you aware that in one ton of coarse there is as much energy, as much actual work, as may be done by 40,000 good laborers in a ten-hour day? Our best steam engines utilize only one-tenth of this energy at the present time, but even now the shout.

"Peking will have electric street cars, unman is 1,000 times the cost of the same derground rallways, dirigible balloons, au-

"It will also be the capital of an amalwestern civilization extended east. When China-Japan, with its railways, telegraphs, given in Oxford. It is from first to last based on the idea that the old university is trial capacity well organized, and its trained army of 40,000,000 men, shall begin to almost incomprehensible," said the speaker, for its limitless cheap manufactures, our "that a university aiming at breadth of cul- grandchildren will not thank us for having invented the phrase.

"An army of 40,000,000?" One-Tenth as Soldiers.

"Surely. The most that Europe can ever do will be to put one-tenth of her population on a war footing. China-Japan will need to give military instruction to only one-twentieth of its 800,000,000 souls. The rest may continue working. And they must continue eating. Lifted to civilized standards, they will not be content to live miserably. Then China-Japan will be ready for the new Gengis-Khan, to lead the hordes west this time, not east.

"China-Japan, with limitless cheap man-

which the professor has some knowledge—
so unscientific as to be maudlin. Poor
Plato! Poor Aristotle! How much wiser
you would have seemed if only you had
studied electrical engineering!

Think Japan, will describe the crush Europe, will begin
by demanding the open door. In the name
of progress and the good of man, ChinaJapan will demand liberty for men to
spread cheap products freely over the

THE INTELLIGENT ELEPHANT; Or. The Doctor's Volunteer Assistant.



What May Happen if China and Japan
Reach an Understanding.

Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

PARIS, February 6, 1904

"The English and Germanic peoples will be ousted from their lands and pushed into the Americas, North and South. The French, Italians and Spanish will be driven into Africa, there to establish once again into Africa, there to establish once again the past."

"Burope will resist such insolence."

"Then China-Japan will make what it will call another reasonable request. It will say that it lacks territory for its population. Pointing to Africa as an open field for European expansion, it will demand the closing of all European establishments in China and the evacuation of all territory which ought normally to belong to the yellow empire. It will warn Russia out of Manchuria, Korea and the open sea. It will offer to relimburse Russia may have made up to the Siberian frontier. Of England and Germany it will demand the evacuation of Tonkin, Annam and Cochin-China. To these, as to Russia, China-Japan will offer full money indemnities—because China-Japan will be fabulously rich at that time-and mere money will not have the same value it has today!"

"And how will the Emperor of China-Japan enforce such demands?" some one asked.

"He will give three days for the ambassa-dors and other European officials to quit his dominions, by routes indicated to them. In three months he will expel every European from China-Japan closed to Europe unth Europe consents formally to the evacuation of the territories."

"Then what will happen?"

Will Mean Europe's Buin.

Will Mean Europe's Ruin. "There will be emotion in Europe," said the high-thinking philosopher. "The open door demanded by China-Japan will mean ruin to Europe; it must be refused. And how can the governments consent to the humiliation of evacuating those eastern spheres of activity? On the other hand, how can they continue to occupy them how can they continue to occupy them against an empire represented by 40,000,000 modern-armed men, 700 cruisers and 300 men-of-war? Russia will doubtless demand a concerted European descent on Peking by way of Manchuria. But England will not be able to admit a plan so favorable to Russian interests. England will, therefore, demand a naval coalition against the islands of Japan, because in an attack by land on such an immense empire the troops

islands of Japan, because in an attack by land on such an immense empire the troops of Europe would melt like snow."

"And Germany?"

"The Emperor of Germany of that time will say something like this: When a hundred years ago my illustrious greatgrandfather, William II, saluted the departure of the German troops to revenge he assassination of a German minister to the assassination of a German minister to China, it was shown to the world that Ger-man power knows how to sustain German honor. The god of war was favorable to us. Today we ought to give all our German energy to our German colonies in Africa. Ought we to spill German blood in the peninsula of Kiao-Tcheou? I think not. No mortal offense has been made directly to our honor."

"And the United States?"
"During a good part of the nineteenth century the United States has had to give thought to the yellow peril. Coolie immigration has been rigorously prohibited in a country that has always held out its In a country that has always held out its arms to newcomers of all other colors. It is very likely, however, that the United States will have kept in high favor with China-Japan by favoring Chinese immigration to the Philippines. Treaties of friendship and commerce will have passed between Peking and Washington, and doubtless in Europe's hour of danger the United States will have for half a century been in the enjoyment of special privileges in the in the enjoyment of special privileges in the yellow empire."

"Like the Germans, they will refuse to take part in the mix-up?"
"Yes; but with what different results!" exclaimed the high thinker.

Will the United States Be Neutral?

"The United States will remain neutral?" "Europe will hardly think so, because the United States will, by long-before-made reaty with China-Japan, close the Panama canal to belligerents of both sides. The French, Russian and other European

squadrons-" "Except the Germans—"
"If they agree with England, will have to attack the yellow empire by way of the Malacca straits and the port of Singapore."

westigate the secrets and methods of this wonderful man. While they one and all were compelled to admit the facts and acknowledge the countless cures Prof. Adkin is making, they were 'And the result of the great naval duel

will be—?"
"It will matter little which way, because should the yellow empire get the worst of it, her Moses will lead the great yellow nvasion of Europe by land that much soon er, that is all!"
"And then?"

"Then the world will see such a mobilization as it never saw before when Semiramis started to overwhelm India, when the bar-

barians of the east and north overwhelmed Rome and all Europe to the Atlantic coast or France and the bottom of the Spanish peninsula, or when the Tartar general, Gengis-Khan, led his hordes on the peaceful China of his day.
"Think of it, a general mobilization! Four hundred army corps, active, and as many reserve, all called out to march west! Com-

missioned and non-commissioned officers and common soldiers, all authorized to have their wives and children follow them, to occupy conquered Europe! "Do you not see Moscow in flames again? Do you not see the triumphal entry of the

Emperor of China-Japan into the Krem-As the great French philosopher spoke we really thought we saw it. STERLING HEILIG

ROMANCEOFTHEPLAINS

ORDERED TO GET MARRIED OR LOSE HIS JOB.

How a Young School Teacher Secured a Wife and an Additional In-

come Per Month.

From the plains of North Dakota comes a good story, which is the sequel of an order from the Indian department here in Washington. It depicts the strategic metheds adopted by a young man named J. L. Hazard, a school teacher, to hold his job, even if it involved some difficulties in meeting the requirements of an order of the department.

The educational division of the Indian department some time ago instituted a number of day schools on the Indian reservations of the west. In the list of agencies where these day schools were established is Standing Rock agency, in North Dakota. In the establishment of these day schools the department found that it would be necessary and best conserve the interests of all concerned to employ as teachers mar-ried men, so that the wife might keep house, furnish meals for the Indian pupils and give them that supervision that only a woman can do. It was found that Mr. J. L. Hazard, while

having a record for good work as a teacher, was a single man, and, while the Indian department did not wish to dispense with his services altogether as a teacher, it would be necessary to supplant him at Standing Rock, with a married man to meet the demands of the day school, which required a

Offer of \$30 Per Month to Wife. In this connection it may not be amiss to state that the Indian department proposed to pay the wife of the teacher \$30 a month

for the services as matron at the school. Therefore, it was plain to Mr. Hazard, when he received an official communication from Washington containing the hereinbefore mentioned information, that he must either get married or be transferred from

what was a very agreeble position.

At this juncture a western newspaper printed the story and dilated upon the great opportunity for some young woman to come to Mr. Hazard's relief and thereby secure a husband and a \$30 per month salary in the bargain. The story was circulated in the western prints and was interpolated in time with some dashing and picturesque descriptions of life on the plains, heroism and self-sacrifice.

Before many days elapsed after the correspondence with the Indian department begun Mr. Hazard began to receive letters from young women and old women. Indeed, the missives came from many, both maids and widows. The letters had been inspired by the publication that he needed a wife right away to hold his job, and that Uncle Sam was willing to supplement Mr. Hazard's inducements by a compensation of \$30 per month.

warmed over," said Criticus.
"You don't mean warmed over, do you?
queried Puristicus. "Cooled off would be

RESCUED ON WAY TO GRAVE; PROFESSOR STOPS FUNERAL; RESTORES WOMAN TO LIFE.

DOES HE POSSESS DIVINE POWER?

Woman Threatened With Burial is Revived by This Man's Mysterious Mastery Over Disease.

MOST PHENOMENAL MIRACLE OF THE AGE.

Without the Use of Drugs, Medicines or the Surgeon's Knife He Defeats Death and Restores Life and Health to Suffering Mankind.

COMPLETELY UPSETS MODERN MEDICAL PRACTICE

Gives His Services to Bich and Poor Alike Without Charge—Befuses Large Check From Grateful Eusband-Cures Men and Women Thousands of Miles Away as Surely as Those Who Call in Person.

ROCHESTER, N. Y .- Restored to life by a mira- | Clear Spring Lithia Water, New Haven, Conn. ele. a woman who was on her way to the grave has end to the agonies of dissolution, stopped all preparations for burial, and in a manner and space of who had bidden farewell to her forever. So remarkable and unlooked-for was this happy ending that Prof. Adkin is being accredited with possessof joy and gratitude in his eyes, offered his benefactor a check written in four figures Prof. Adkin ing. If I charged a thousand dollars a treatment l

Prof. Adkin said: "Yes, I restored the woman to happiness to the sick and dying. Daily I receive letters filled with moans and sobs of physical and mental agony, imploring me for the aid I am so glad to bestow. A few days pass and others from the same people come fairly singing with joyous my power has accomplished. Some of the worst cases in the country have been brought to me, men and women on their way to the grave, as was this

quickly that people say I work miracles."

The sensation created among the medical fraternity by his discovery and miraculous cures has been so great that recently a deputation of representative physicians came here to study and inintangible force he exerts. Some of them admitted that their remedies were as bread pills and water compared with his treatment. While, as an upright Christian man, Prof. Adkin gives thanks to God for the knowledge He has sent, he disclaims the statements that his power is supernatural, saying: "My power is not divine or su-perhuman. It is scientific to the highest degree, esed on a secret law of nature that commands baffled the doctors and wise men of all times, I finally discovered it after long study and research. Drugs, medicines and the surgeon's kuife often do more harm than good. But by this immutable law of life I can cure any disease, however malignant; whatever its nature, chronic or intermittent; no matter what the doctors may have said about it.' While in some cases he sends out a peculiar nagnetized food product in concentrated form, which immediately revitalizes the whole human system, Prof. Adkin disdains the use of Faith Cure, Christian Science or similar cults. What this extract or elixir is, how he makes it or charges it with magnetic force, he does not say. Doctors and scientists are vainly puzzling their brains trying to analyze it and discover the secret, but cannot.

a question Prof. Adkin said: "That you may have no doubt about this and the other remarkable cures I have made, read this letter from the woman's husband, and these others, which you are at liberty to publish if you think they will help some poor sufferers." A copy was taken, word for word, of the letters shown by Prof. Adkin, and they are printed herewith in the belief that they will be a message of hope to some who have given up in cases where both doctors and medicines have despair. Mr. Swayne, who is proprietor of the failed.

with the Indian department the situa-

tion at Standing Rock, and declared that if he were given a few days he would be

able to meet the exigency of the case.

In the meantime letters were pouring in by every mail from young and old women

from many sections manifesting a willing

of exile on an Indian reservation. The situation was unique, the necessity for ac-

tion urgent, and Mr. Hazard was equal to it all. He lost no time. That school over which he presided needed a matron more than he needed a wife, but he was loyal to

the interests of Uncle Sam. In the liberality of his soul and true to the demands of his profession he decided to wed.

Mails Brought Many Inquiries.

to every Indian agency, however remote.

the correspondence soon ripened into a mu-

tual understanding with one of the fair cor-

her in ten days."
This declaration was made to a represen

tative of the Minneapolis Journal last week, when Mr. Hazard was passing through the

suitable companion, and he was losing no ime to get to Chicago to appropriate to himself a wife and an additional income of

Sin per month.

Verily there is nothing like printing ink and a tractable candidate to keep Uncle Sam out of any matrimonial difficulty.

"So he brought back a fortune from the

gold fields! He must have staked out a

good claim."
"You bet he did. Why, he staked out the

best saloon location in the district the very first thing."

Compulsory Piety.

Sunday school teacher-"I hope all the lit-

tle girls in my class love God?"

Eva Brown—"I do."

Sunday school teacher—"That's right,

Eva. Now tell us why you love Him."

Eva Brown—"Got to."

An Amended Criticism.

play is nothing but a little old French farce

From the Chicago Post.

From Lippincott's Magazine

writes: "I cannot express my gratitude for what you have done for my wife. She was on her deathed; she was paralyzed and had a clot of blood on she could recover, but you have saved her life. She improved from the very first day she commence your treatment. The clot of blood has disappeare she sleeps well and has a splendid appetite. Refe any sufferers who doubt your marvelous power to wonderful cure you have performed in my wife's case. My neighbors all know the condition my vife was in when she commenced your treatment, and pray that I may be at your command to help those who suffer and get them to write you for free help." Prof. Adkin never even saw Mrs. L. A. Phillips of Trawick, Tex., yet when she was dying he gave ment I had no faith in it at all, had tried so many different kinds of medicine with no benefit. I had been under the treatment of twelve different hoshome doctors, but they soon got so they did me no good and told me they could do nothing for me, and that if I could find anything that could do me

thing they could. I suffered from every disease that flesh is heir to. I had been bedfast for five years, unable to stand up longer than ten minutes at a time. If ever a woman suffered did. I could lie on but one side. I had two large bed sores that gave a great deal of trouble and I suffered so much in other ways. I had kidney trouble, catarrh of the bladder and also gravel. used to suffer at times until I had spasms. I also chronic indigestion, and, of course, all of these dis eases left my nerves in a terrible condition, when have been raised from the dead. I was nothing letter was from Rev. S. A. Sanders, an eminent evangelist of Sparta, Ill., who for many years had been a victim of chronic indigestion and nervous prostration. - His setter says: "I began your treatment with but little faith, but in a few days realized that I had something different from any-thing I had ever tried. It seemed to fill me with taking your treatment I was miserably ill, blue discouraged and nearly heart-broken. Now I am well, enjoying life and able to do more and better work than ever. All these blessings I owe to you. every sick and afflicted man and woman will write

to you. You are carrying on a great work for humanity, and your discovery is a revelation." Dr. physicians and specialists pronounced my case of Bright's disease incurable, and I was given up to die. I had lost all hope and did not think anything could save me, but you cured me. There is no doubt about the truly marvelous power of your

wenderful discovery." Prof. Adkin receives an enormous am

from all over the world. This flood of letters is due to what is probably one of the most mysterious the fact may seem, he does not have to see persons who are ill in order to cure them. The vital maginches, aftacking the disease like magic and driv-ing it from the body. He cures those at any distance, however great, as easily as though he visited them personally every day. It has been proven times without number that a letter sent to him does just as much good as a personal interview.

All that any one who is sick has to do is to write him a letter, telling their symptoms, age, and sex, and he will diagnose their case and prescribe the proper home treatment for them absolutely free of charge. It is wonderful, but it is true. Those who desire restored health may communicate with this benefactor of mankind by addressing Prof. Thomas F. Adkin, Box 595 B, Rochester, N. Y., U. S. A. He takes an intense personal interest in curing

MILLIONAIRE AND HIS BANK. Requisition of a Very Wealthy De-

positor Not Honored. From the New York Evening Post. A well-known millionaire hastily entered

a few days ago the bank where he carried a large deposit. He had left his pocket book home and wanted cash. The bank was sorry, but could not accommodate him. It was past 4 o'clock, the vaults were closed and the executive staff had gone home. The subordinate officers held a quick

council, and one of them thus described the

Thanks to the conveniences and expedition of Uncle Sam's mails, which now reach clothes, then we went through the clerks and had every man in the establishment turn his pockets inside out. The customer was many times a millionaire, and could secure from us any day whatever sum he needed. But the time locks were set, and the best we could do was fifty dollars in the newspapers that printed the story, "I've been trying to get the right girl for about ten years, and here, thanks to the journals that printed the story, I am going to get cash. He stuffed the roll in his pocket and hurriedly went on his way. We did not even ask for a memorandum, knowing that city on his way to Chicago to culminate the interesting finale of his courtship by mail. His free advertising had brought him a

even ask for a memorandum, knowing that he detested details, and that a subsequent word with his secretary was all that would be needed to reimburse the bank."

The incident may be taken as illustrating, first, the limit which is drawn in the control of banks by great financiers, of which so much has been lately heard; second, the advisability of presenting checks before 3 p.m., and, third, the absorbing power of great wealth and credit over the surplus great wealth and credit over the surplus cash of small capitalists.

Esterbrock's Steel Pens

The Best Pens Made

The caddy was yards away down by the brook, waiting calmly for the balls. Deyoud came to the rescue with the offer of his club. She had ceased to refuse favors from him now. "Oh, thank you," she said. "Yours is such a beauty. I'm sure to make my hundred-and-fifty yards. Fore!" The limber, dark-handled club went whistling to meet the little red ball, then with one of those fatalities so frequent on the links, snapped in two, and the girl swung around on the ball of her foot hold-ing the broken shaft, while the head went burtling through the air. "Oh. what a shame!" she cried in genuine distress. "Your beautiful club!" Davoud's smile was Spartan. The feel of one's own especial club has much to do with match-winning. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "Funny how those things happen, any way," and lifting his cap he strode through the snow back to the house for another club. pering feet up the veranda steps, and com-ing out of his workshop door he encountered the destroyer of his clubs and peace of mind, snowy and wet, on the way to the Her companion, a natty figure, eminently well groomed and correct, approached Davoud, shabby in rough trousers, stained gatters and sweater. He held a crisp bank note in one golf-gloved hand. "I'm awfully sorry about that club," he said affably. "Will this cover the expresses."